

35c a Year (Library Edition, 50c)

Entered in Boston at 2nd-class rates Jan. 16, 1897

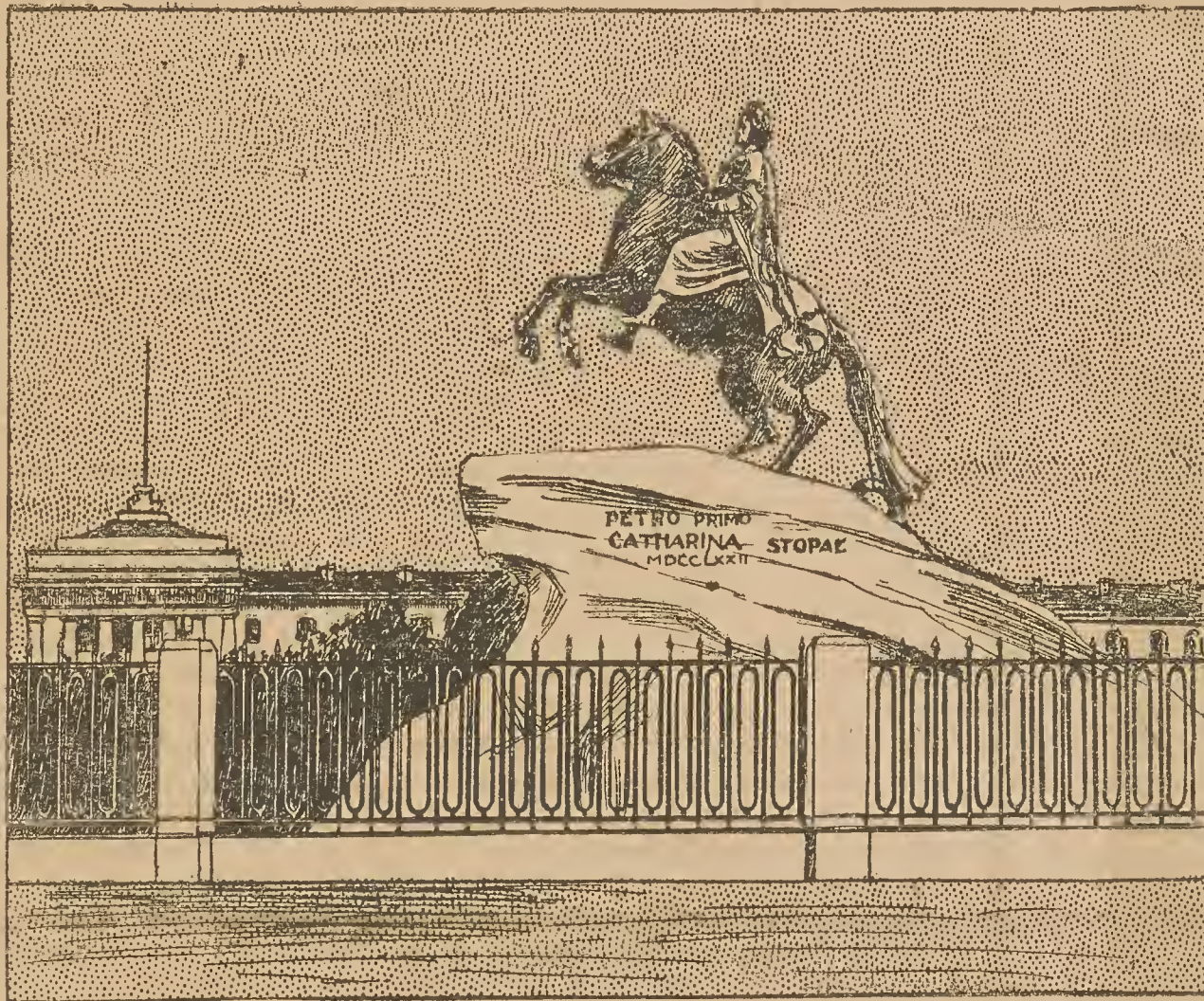
The YOUTH'S REALM

Published Monthly by A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A, Boston, Mass.

VOL. XI.

MAY, 1905

NO. 113.



STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT IN ST. PETERSBURG.



COSSACKS USING THE KNOT TO DISPERSE ST. PETERSBURG STRIKERS.

Grand Duke Vladimir.

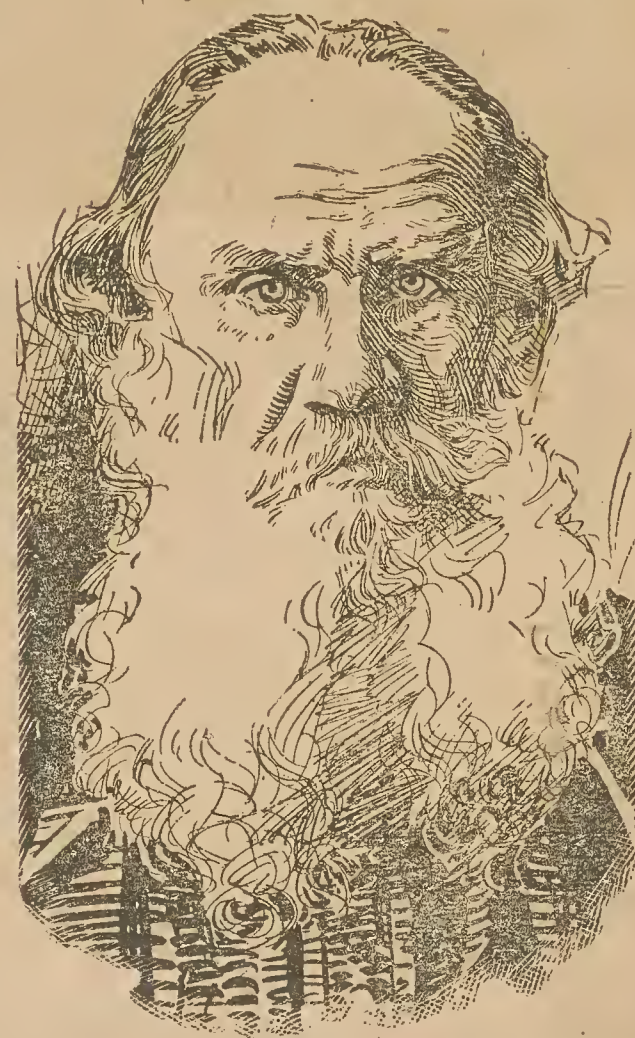
Although the czar of Russia is supposed to be an autocrat, he is in reality a mere puppet in the hands of the bureaucracy, at the head of which are the



Grand Dukes Vladimir and Sergius.

Tolstoi, Russia's Great Reformer.

Count Leo Tolstoi, novelist and social reformer, has often been called "the intellectual czar of all the Russias." He has spent his life working for the improvement of the condition of the



Russian people and has done much for them in educational, religious, social and political matters. He endeavors to be a literal follower of the teachings of Christ.

The Return of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,"
"The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Sign
of the Four," "A Study in Scarlet," Etc.



ILLUSTRATED
BY F. D. STEELE



Copyright by Collier's Weekly.

SHERLOCK HOLMES WAS STANDING SMILING AT ME.

The Adventure of the Empty House

No. 1 of the Series

(Copyright, 1903, by A. Conan Doyle and Collier's
Weekly.)

(Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)



It was in the spring of the year 1894 that all London was interested and the fashionable world dismayed by the murder of the Hon. Ronald Adair under most unusual and inexplicable circumstances. The public has already learned those particulars of the crime which came out in the police investigation, but a good deal was suppressed upon that occasion, since the case for the prosecution was so overwhelmingly strong that it was not necessary to bring forward all the facts. Only now, at the end of nearly ten years, am I allowed to supply those missing links which make up the whole of that remarkable chain. The crime was of in-

terest in itself, but that interest was as nothing to me compared to the inconceivable sequel, which afforded me the greatest shock and surprise of any event in my adventurous life. Even now, after this long interval, I find myself thrilling as I think of it and feeling once more that sudden flood of joy, amazement and incredulity which utterly submerged my mind. Let me say to that public, which has shown some interest in those glimpses which I have occasionally given them of the thoughts and actions of a very remarkable man, that they are not to blame me if I have not shared my knowledge with them, for I should have considered it my first duty to have done so had I not been barred by a positive prohibition from his own lips, which was only withdrawn upon the 3d of last month.

It can be imagined that my close intimacy with Sherlock Holmes had interested me deeply in crime and that after his disappearance I never failed to read with care the various problems which came before the public. And I even attempted more than once for my own private satisfaction to employ his

methods in their solution, though with indifferent success. There was none, however, which appealed to me like this tragedy of Ronald Adair. As I read the evidence at the inquest, which led up to a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown, I realized more clearly than I had ever done the loss which the community had sustained by the death of Sherlock Holmes.

There were points about this strange business which would, I was sure, have specially appealed to him, and the efforts of the police would have been supplemented or more probably anticipated by the trained observation and the alert mind of the first criminal agent in Europe. All day as I drove upon my round I turned over the case in my mind and found no explanation which appeared to me to be adequate. At the risk of telling a twice told tale I will recapitulate the facts as they were known to the public at the conclusion of the inquest.

The Hon. Ronald Adair was the second son of the Earl of Maynooth, at that time governor of one of the Australian colonies. Adair's mother had returned from Australia to undergo the operation for cataract, and she, her son Ronald and her daughter Hilda were living together at 427 Park lane. The youth moved in the best society—bad, so far as was known, no enemies and no particular vices. He had been engaged to Miss Edith Woodley of Carstairs, but the engagement had been broken off by mutual consent some months before, and there was no sign that it had left any very profound feeling behind it. For the rest the man's life moved in a narrow and conventional circle, for his habits were quiet and his nature unemotional. Yet it was upon this easy going young aristocrat that death came in most strange and unexpected form between the hours of 10 and 10:20 on the night of March 30, 1894.

Ronald Adair was fond of cards, playing continually, but never for such stakes as would hurt him. He was a member of the Baldwin, the Cavendish and the Bagatelle card clubs. It was shown that after dinner on the day of his death he had played a rubber of whist at the latter club. He had also played there in the afternoon. The evidence of those who had played with him—Mr. Murray, Sir John Hardy and Colonel Moran—showed that the game was whist and that there was a fairly equal fall of the cards. Adair might have lost £5, but not more. His fortune was a considerable one, and such a loss could not in any way affect him. He had played nearly every day at one club or other, but he was a cautious player and usually rose a winner. It came out in evidence that in partnership with Colonel Moran he had actually won as much as £420 in a sitting some weeks before from Godfrey Milner and Lord Balmoral. So much for his recent history as it came out at the inquest.

On the evening of the crime he returned from the club exactly at 10. His mother and sister were out spending the evening with a relative. The servant deposed that she heard him enter the front room on the second floor, generally used as his sitting room. She had lit a fire, and as it smoked she had opened the window. No sound was heard from the room until 11:20, the hour of the return of Lady Maynooth and her daughter. Desiring to say good night, she attempted to enter her son's room. The door was locked on the inside, and no answer could be got to their cries and knocking. Help was obtained and the door forced. The unfortunate young man was found lying near the table. His head had been horribly mutilated by an expanding revolver bullet, but no weapon of any

sort was to be found in the room. On the table lay two bank notes for £10 each and £17 10s. in silver and gold, the money arranged in little piles of varying amount. There were some figures also upon a sheet of paper, with the names of some club friends opposite to them, from which it was conjectured that before his death he was endeavoring to make out his losses or winnings at cards.

A minute examination of the circumstances served only to make the case more complex. In the first place, no reason could be given why the young man should have fastened the door upon the inside. There was the possibility that the murderer had done this and had afterward escaped by the window. The drop was at least twenty feet, however, and a bed of crocuses in full bloom lay beneath. Neither the flowers nor the earth showed any sign of having been disturbed, nor were there any marks upon the narrow strip of grass which separated the house from the road.

Apparently therefore it was the young man himself who had fastened the door. But how did he come by his death? No one could have climbed up to the window without leaving traces. Suppose a man had fired through the window, he would indeed be a remarkable shot who could with a revolver inflict so deadly a wound. Again, Park lane is a frequented thoroughfare. There is a cab stand within a hundred yards of the house. No one had heard a shot. And yet there was the dead man and there the revolver bullet, which had mushroomed out, as soft nosed bullets will, and so inflicted a wound which must have caused instantaneous death. Such were the circumstances of the Park lane mystery, which were further complicated by entire absence of motive, since, as I have said, young Adair was not known to have any enemy, and no attempt had been made to remove the money or valuables in the room.

All day I turned these facts over in my mind, endeavoring to hit upon some theory which could reconcile them all and to find that line of least resistance which my poor friend had declared to be the starting point of every investigation. I confess that I made little progress. In the evening I strolled across the park and found myself about 6 o'clock at the Oxford street end of Park lane. A group of loafers upon the pavements, all staring up at a particular window, directed me



Copyright by Collier's Weekly.

It struck me that the fellow must be some poor bibliophile.

to the house which I had come to see. A tall, thin man with colored glasses,

whom I strongly suspected of being a plain clothes detective, was pointing out some theory of his own, while the others crowded around to listen to what he said. I got as near him as I could, but his observations seemed to me to be absurd, so I withdrew again in some disgust. As I did so I struck against an elderly, deformed man who had been behind me, and I knocked down several books which he was carrying. I remember that as I picked them up I observed the title of one of them, "The Origin of Tree Worship," and it struck me that the fellow must be some poor bibliophile who either as a trade or as a hobby was a collector of obscure volumes. I endeavored to apologize for the accident, but it was

evident that these books which I had so unfortunately maltreated were very precious objects in the eyes of their owner. With a snarl of contempt he turned upon his heel, and I saw his curved back and white side whiskers disappear among the throng.

My observations of 427 Park lane did little to clear up the problem in which I was interested. The house was separated from the street by a low wall and railing, the whole not more than five feet high. It was perfectly easy, therefore, for any one to get into the garden, but the window was entirely inaccessible since there was no water-pipe or anything which could help the most active man to climb it. More puzzled than ever, I retraced my steps to Kensington. I had not been in my study five minutes when the maid entered to say that a person desired to see me. To my astonishment it was none other than my strange old book collector, his sharp, wizened face peering out from a frame of white hair, and his precious volumes, a dozen of them at least, wedged under his right arm.

"You're surprised to see me, sir," said he in a strange, croaking voice. I acknowledged that I was.

"Well, I've a conscience, sir, and when I chanced to see you go into this house as I came hobbling after you, I thought to myself I'll just step in and see that kind gentleman and tell him that if I was a bit gruff in my manner there was not any harm meant and that I am much obliged to him for picking up my books."

"You make too much of a trifle," said I. "May I ask how you knew who I was?"

"Yes, sir. If it isn't too great a liberty I am a neighbor of yours, for you'll find my little bookshop at the corner of Church street, and very happy to see you, I am sure. Maybe you collect yourself, sir. Here's 'British Birds' and 'Catullus' and 'The Holy War'—a bargain, every one of them. With five volumes you could just fill that gap on that second shelf. It looks untidy, does it not, sir?"

I moved my head to look at the cabinet behind me. When I turned again Sherlock Holmes was standing smiling at me across my study table. I rose to my feet, stared at him for some seconds in utter amazement, and then it appears that I must have fainted for the first and the last time in my life. Certainly a gray mist swirled before my eyes, and when it cleared I found my collar ends undone and the tingling after-taste of brandy upon my lips. Holmes was bending over my chair, his flask in his hand.

"My dear Watson," said the well remembered voice, "I owe you a thousand apologies. I had no idea that you would be so affected."

I gripped him by the arms.

"Holmes!" I cried. "Is it really you? Can it indeed be that you are alive? Is it possible that you succeeded in climbing out of that awful abyss?"

"Wait a moment," said he. "Are you sure that you are really fit to discuss things? I have given you a serious

shock by my unnecessarily dramatic reappearance."

"I am all right, but indeed, Holmes, I can hardly believe my eyes. Good heavens, to think that you—you of all men—should be standing in my study!" Again I gripped him by the sleeve and felt the thin, sinewy arm beneath it. "Well, you're not a spirit anyhow," said I. "My dear chap, I'm overjoyed to see you. Sit down and tell me how you came alive out of that dreadful chasm."

He sat opposite to me and lit a cigarette in his old nonchalant manner. He was dressed in the seedy frock coat of the book merchant, but the rest of that individual lay in a pile of white hair and old books upon the table. Holmes looked even thinner and keener than of old, but there was a dead white tinge in his aquiline face which told me that his life recently had not been a healthy one.

"I am glad to stretch myself, Watson," said he. "It is no joke when a tall man has to take a foot off his stature for several hours on end. Now, my dear fellow, in the matter of these explanations, we have, if I may ask for your co-operation, a hard and dangerous night's work in front of us. Perhaps it would be better if I gave you an account of the whole situation when that work is finished."

"I am full of curiosity. I should much prefer to hear now."

"You'll come with me tonight?"

"When you like and where you like."

"This is, indeed, like the old days. We shall have time for a mouthful of dinner before we need go. Well, then, about that chasm. I had no serious difficulty in getting out of it for the very simple reason that I never was in it."

"You never were in it?"

"No, Watson, I never was in it. My note to you was absolutely genuine. I had little doubt that I had come to the end of my career when I perceived the somewhat sinister figure of the late Professor Moriarty standing upon the narrow pathway which led to safety. I read an inexorable purpose in his gray eyes. I exchanged some remarks with him, therefore, and obtained his courteous permission to write the short note which you afterward received. I left it with my cigarette box and my stick, and I walked along the pathway, Moriarty still at my heels. When I reached the end I stood at bay. He drew no weapon, but he rushed at me and threw his long arms around me. He knew that his own game was up and was only anxious to revenge himself upon me. We tottered together upon the brink of the fall. I have some knowledge, however, of baritsu, or the Japanese system of wrestling, which has more than once been very useful to me. I slipped through his grip, and he with a horrible scream kicked madly for a few seconds and clawed the air with both his hands. But for all his efforts he could not get his balance, and over he went. With my face over the brink I saw him fall for a long way. Then he struck a rock, bounded off and splashed into the water."

I listened with amazement to this explanation, which Holmes delivered between the puffs of his cigarette.

"But the tracks!" I cried. "I saw with my own eyes that two went down the path and none returned."

"It came about in this way. The instant that the professor had disappeared it struck me what a really extraordinarily lucky chance fate had placed in my way. I knew that Moriarty was not the only man who had sworn my death. There were at least three others whose desire for vengeance upon me would only be increased by the death of their leader. They were all most dangerous men. One or other would certainly get me. On the other

hand, if all the world was convinced that I was dead they would take liberties, these men; they would soon lay themselves open, and sooner or later I could destroy them. Then it would be time for me to announce that I was still in the land of the living. So rapidly does the brain act that I believe I had thought this all out before Professor Moriarty had reached the bottom of the Reichenbach fall.

"I stood up and examined the rocky wall behind me. In your picturesque account of the matter, which I read with great interest some months later, you assert that the wall was sheer.

That was not literally true. A few small footholds presented themselves, and there was some indication of a ledge. The cliff is so high that to climb it all was an obvious impossibility, and it was equally impossible to make my way along the wet path without leaving some tracks. I might, it is true, have reversed my boots, as I have done on similar occasions, but the sight of three sets of tracks in one direction would certainly have suggested a deception. On the whole, then, it was best that I should risk the climb. It was not a pleasant business, Watson. The fall roared beneath me. I am not a fanciful person, but I give you my word that I seemed to hear Moriarty's voice screaming at me out of the abyss. A mistake would have been fatal. More than once as tufts of grass came out in my hand or my foot slipped in the wet notches of the rock I thought that I was gone. But I struggled upward, and at last I reached a ledge several feet deep and covered with soft green moss, where I could lie unseen in the most perfect comfort. There I was stretched when you, my dear Watson, and all your following were investigating in the most sympathetic and inefficient manner the circumstances of my death.

"At last, when you had all formed your inevitable and totally erroneous conclusions, you departed for the hotel, and I was left alone. I had imagined that I had reached the end of my adventures, but a very unexpected occurrence showed me that there were surprises still in store for me. A huge rock, falling from above, boomed past me, struck the path and bounded over into the chasm. For an instant I thought that it was an accident, but a moment later, looking up, I saw a man's head against the darkening sky, and another stone struck the very ledge upon which I was stretched within a foot of my head. Of course the meaning of this was obvious. Moriarty had not been alone. A confederate—and even that one glance had told me how dangerous a man that confederate was—had kept guard while the professor had attacked me. From a distance, unseen by me, he had been a witness of his friend's death and of my escape. He had waited, and then, making his way around to the top of the cliff, he had endeavored to succeed where his comrade had failed.

"I did not take long to think about it, Watson. Again I saw that grim face look over the cliff, and I knew that it was the precursor of another stone. I scrambled down on to the path. I don't think I could have done it in cold blood. It was a hundred times more difficult than getting up. But I had no time to think of the danger, for another stone sang past me as I hung by my hands from the edge of the ledge. Halfway down I slipped; but, by the blessing of God, I landed, torn and bleeding, upon the path. I took to my heels, did ten miles over the mountains in the darkness, and a week later I found myself in Florence, with the certainty that no one in the world knew what had become of me.

"I had only one confidant—my brother Mycroft. I owe you many apologies,

NEW BOOKS

MODERN STAMP ALBUM \$1.00
Post Free 1.15

STANDARD STAMP CATALOG
1905 Edition, 50c. Post free, 58c

SCOTT STAMP & COIN COM'Y
18 East 23d St., New York

SHELL HAT PINS

Several Kinds. Very Attractive, 15 cts. each.
A. G. REYNOLDS Disston City,
Hillsboro County, Florida

☐ Mention the *Realm* when answering ads

75 Different Foreign

POSTAGE STAMPS, Catalogue value \$1.00
and our new PRICE LIST for 8 cents.

Thomas Stamp Company
189 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY N. Y.

"Popular Stories"

Ten cents will pay for a year's subscription to Popular Stories; the 20 century up-to-date Monthly Magazine; full of good stories and handsomely illustrated, of interest to the whole family; we give thousands of dollars in cash and valuable premiums to club raisers; and give our subscribers the opportunity of earning these. DO IT NOW. Send 10 cents for a full year's subscription to our popular magazine.
POPULAR STORIES, St. Paul, Minn.

STAMPS. 100 Foreign stamps, 1 stamp Album, 100 gummed hinges and approx. sheets, only 5c. Agents wanted, 50% commission. E. E. DUCKETT,
703 MAIN STREET, R. 10 Joplin, Mo.

FREE! FREE!!

100 var. foreign to all sending reference for approval sheets at 50 per cent. discount.

DEALERS

DEALERS send for \$1 mixture on approval.
Central City Stamp Co.
SYRACUSE N. Y.

For 20 Cents we will send you our large magazine for three months and also send your name to several hundred publishers, asking each to send you a copy of paper.
ANYBODY'S MAGAZINE.
116 Elm St., Peekskill, N. Y.

100 VAR STAMPS for the names of 2 collectors and 2c postage.
15c U. S. 1869, 85c 24c U. S. 1869, \$1.65
100 Columbian env. and adhesives, 1000 mix. foreign, 1000 hinges, 20 approval sh'ts, blank, 100 var. stamps and Collectors cat. 35c
100 var. include Omaha set, 1-10 20c
30 var. U. S. env. (ordinary) 10c
240 var. including Soudan, Trooper, Hawaii, Guatemala, Paraguay, fine packet 25c
2c Grant letter sheet, unused 5c
Good approvals at 50 per cent discount.
THE IDEAL STAMP CO., TOLEDO OHIO

VENEZUELA UNUSED

100 asst., 10 kinds, fine lot, cat. 5.00 postpaid for \$1.00. 50 all different United States, 10c
100 Cuban Revenues. 15c

AMERICAN STAMP COMPANY

Box. R45, Huntington, Ind.

WANT TO BE A STAMP DEALER

Then buy a complete outfit from me; prices \$2.00 to \$100.00 each. Goods will cost you twice as much, if purchased elsewhere.

AS AN ADVERTISEMENT

for a short time only, I will sell you one sample outfit at net cost.

Prices: \$2.00, \$5.00 and \$10.00 each; you had better buy the largest. This is just to show the quality of my goods; second orders will be filled at regular prices.

STAFFORD MONTGOMERY

ROME GEORGIA

Minerals, Shells, INDIAN RELICS,

COINS, PAPER MONEY & STAMPS
☐ Send for our free price list of 3000 bargains. A. Bullard & Company,
446 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts

The Youth's Realm

is published on the first of every month.
TERMS, 35 cents per year, in advance.

Special Library Edition, heavy paper, 50c yr.
Advertising Rates, 90 cents inch, 45c 1/2 inch.
Ent'd at P.O. Boston at 2nd class rates Jan. 16, '97.

A. Bullard & Co., 446 Tremont St., Boston

My dear Watson, but it was all important that it should be thought I was dead, and it is quite certain that you would not have written so convincing an account of my unhappy end had you not yourself thought that it was true. Several times during the last three years I have taken up my pen to write to you, but always I feared lest your affectionate regard for me should tempt you to some indiscretion which would betray my secret. For that reason I turned away from you this evening when you upset my books, for I was in danger at the time, and any show of surprise and emotion upon your part might have drawn attention to my identity and led to the most deplorable and irreparable results. As to Mycroft, I had to confide in him in order to obtain the money which I needed. The course of events in London did not run so well as I had hoped, for the trial of the Moriarty gang left two of its most dangerous members, my own most vindictive enemies, at liberty. I traveled for two years in Tibet, therefore, and amused myself by visiting Lassa and spending some days with the head lama. You may have read of the remarkable explorations of a Norwegian named Sigerson, but I am sure that it never occurred to you that you were receiving news of your friend. I then passed through Persia, looked in at Mecca and paid a short but interesting visit to the khalifa at Khartum, the results of which I have communicated to the foreign office. Returning to France, I spent some months in a research into the coal tar derivatives, which I conducted in a laboratory at Montpellier, in the south of France. Having concluded this to my satisfaction and learning that only one of my enemies was now left in London, I was about to return when my movements were hastened by the news of this very remarkable Park lane mystery, which not only appealed to me by its own merits, but which seemed to offer some most peculiar personal opportunities. I came over at once to London, called in my own person at Baker street, threw Mrs. Hudson into violent hysterics and found that Mycroft had preserved my rooms and my papers exactly as they had always been. So it was, my dear Watson, that at 2 o'clock to-day I found myself in my old armchair in my own old room and only wishing that I could have seen my old friend Watson in the other chair which he has so often adorned."

Such was the remarkable narrative to which I listened on that April evening, a narrative which would have been utterly incredible to me had it not been confirmed by the actual sight of the tall, spare figure and the keen, eager face, which I had never thought to see again. In some manner he had learned of my own sad bereavement, and his sympathy was shown in his manner rather than in his words. "Work is the best antidote to sorrow, my dear Watson," said he, "and I have a piece of work for us both tonight which if we can bring it to a successful conclusion will in itself justify a man's life on this planet." In vain I begged him to tell me more. "You will hear and see enough before morning," he answered. "We have three years of the past to discuss. Let that suffice until half past 9, when we start upon the notable adventure of the empty house."

It was indeed like old times when at that hour I found myself seated beside

him in a banison, my revolver in my pocket and the thrill of adventure in my heart. Holmes was cold and stern and silent. As the gleam of the street lamps flashed upon his austere features I saw that his brows were drawn down in thought and his thin lips compressed. I knew not what wild beasts we were about to hunt down in the dark jungle of criminal London, but I was well assured from the bearing of this master huntsman that the adventure was a most grave one, while the sardonic smile which occasionally broke through his ascetic gloom boded little good for the object of our quest.

I had imagined that we were bound for Baker street, but Holmes stopped the cab at the corner of Cavendish square. I observed that as he stepped out he gave a most searching glance to right and left and at every subsequent street corner he took the utmost pains to assure that he was not followed. Our route was certainly a singular one. Holmes' knowledge of the byways of London was extraordinary, and on this occasion he passed rapidly and with an assured step through a network of mews and stables the very existence of which I had never known. We emerged at last into a small road lined with old, gloomy houses which led us into Manchester street and so to Blandford street. Here he turned swiftly down a narrow passage, passed through a wooden gate into a deserted yard and then opened with a key the back door of a house. We entered together, and he closed it behind us.

The place was pitch dark, but it was evident to me that it was an empty house. Our feet creaked and crackled over the bare planking, and my outstretched hand touched a wall from which the paper was hanging in ribbons. Holmes' cold, thin fingers closed around my wrist and led me forward down a long hall until I dimly saw the murky fan light over the door. Here Holmes turned suddenly to the right, and we found ourselves in a large, square, empty room, heavily shadowed in the corners, but faintly lit in the center from the lights of the street beyond. There was no lamp near, and the window was thick with dust, so that we could only just discern each other's figures within. My companion put his hand upon my shoulder and his lips close to my ear.

"Do you know where we are?" he whispered.

"Surely that is Baker street," I answered, staring through the dim window.

"Exactly. We are in Camden House, which stands opposite to our own old quarters."

"But why are we here?"

"Because it commands so excellent a view of that picturesque pile. Might I trouble you, my dear Watson, to draw a little nearer to the window, taking every precaution not to show yourself, and then to look up at our old rooms—the starting point of so many of your little fairy tales? We will see if my three years of absence have entirely taken away my power to surprise you."

I crept forward and looked across at the familiar window. As my eyes fell upon it I gave a gasp and a cry of amazement. The blind was down, and a strong light was burning in the room. The shadow of a man who was seated in a chair within was thrown in hard, black outline upon the luminous screen of the window. There was no mistaking the poise of the head, the squareness of the shoulders, the sharpness of the features. The face was turned half around, and the effect was that of one of those black silhouettes which our grandparents loved to frame. It was a perfect reproduction of Holmes. So amazed was I that I threw out my hand to make sure that

the man himself was standing beside me. He was quivering with silent laughter.

"Well?" said he.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "It is marvelous!"

"I trust that age doth not wither nor custom stale my infinite variety," said he. And I recognized in his voice the joy and pride which the artist takes in his own creation. "It really is rather like me, is it not?"

"I should be prepared to swear that it was you."

"The credit of the execution is due to M. Oscar Mennier of Grenoble, who spent some days in doing the molding. It is a bust in wax. The rest I arranged myself during my visit to Baker street this afternoon."

"But why?"

"Because, my dear Watson, I had the strongest possible reason for wishing certain people to think that I was there when I was really elsewhere."

"And you thought the rooms were watched?"

"I knew that they were watched."

"By whom?"

"By my old enemies, Watson. By the charming society whose leader lies in the Reichenbach fall. You must remember that they knew, and only they knew, that I was still alive. Sooner or later they believed that I should come back to my rooms. They watched them continuously, and this morning they saw me arrive."

"How do you know?"

"Because I recognized their sentinel when I glanced out of my window. He is a harmless enough fellow, Parker by name, a garroter by trade and a remarkable performer upon the jews-harp. I cared nothing for him. But I cared a great deal for the much more formidable person who was behind him, the bosom friend of Moriarty, the man who dropped the rocks over the cliff, the most cunning and dangerous criminal in London. That is the man who is after me tonight, Watson, and that is the man who is quite unaware that we are after him."

My friend's plans were gradually revealing themselves. From this convenient retreat the watchers were being watched and the trackers tracked.

That angular shadow up yonder was the bait, and we were the hunters. In silence we stood together in the darkness and watched the hurrying figures who passed and repassed in front of us. Holmes was silent and motionless, but I could tell that he was keenly alert and that his eyes were fixed intently upon the stream of passersby. It was a bleak and boisterous night, and the wind whistled shrilly down the long street. Many people were moving to and fro, most of them muffled in their coats and cravats. Once or twice it seemed to me that I had seen the same figure before, and I especially noticed two men who appeared to be sheltering themselves from the wind in the doorway of a house some distance up the street. I tried to draw my companion's attention to them, but he gave a little ejaculation of impatience and continued to stare into the street. More than once he fidgeted with his feet and tapped rapidly with his fingers upon the wall. It was evident to me that he was becoming uneasy and that his plans were not working out altogether as he had hoped. At last as midnight approached and the street gradually cleared he paced up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation. I was about to make some remark to him when I raised my eyes to the lighted window and again experienced almost as great a surprise as before. I clutched Holmes' arm and pointed upward.

"The shadow has moved!" I cried.

It was indeed no longer the profile, but the back, which was turned toward

STAMPS



100 Java, China &c, unusual value, and also a stamp dictionary & big illustrated list of 1000 bargains, all the above post paid for 2c

Only one lot to each. Stamps in an album free to agents. 50 p.c. commission. A. Bullard & Co., Philatelic Dept., 446 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.



We sell it. Here is your chance to get THE COLLECTOR'S OWN CATALOG of the Adhesive POSTAGE STAMPS of All Nations of the WORLD, for only TEN CENTS, Postage Free.

It is the latest edition, fully illustrated, describing and pricing the stamps as they should be in both used and unused condition, complete from A to Z in one volume. The leading catalogues of the world have been consulted and thousands of stamps examined in order that the prices given shall be consistent throughout and reflect the actual state of the market. Fictitious values placed

on stamps of minor variety have been overlooked and an attempt made where possible to give the best average price for the average specimen of each distinct issue. The illustrations are profuse and the system of classification the simplest and best. This book is a necessity to everyone who collects stamps and we have made the price 10c in order that every collector may own a copy. Before we innovated the popular, low-priced edition, no complete catalogue could be purchased for less than five times the cost of this.

Invest a cent in this book and you will save, when buying or selling stamps, many times its value the first week you own the book. Fill out the coupon at once, while this offer holds good.

Gentlemen: Enclosed is ten cents for a copy of the last edition of "The Collector's Own Catalog."

Name.....

Addr's.....

A. BULLARD & COMPANY,
Sta. A. Boston, Mass.

STAMP COLLECTIONS GIVEN AWAY.

THIS big outfit consists of one WORLD stamp album, latest edition, fully illustrated with



cuts of the various postage stamps of the world, and provided with spaces for a large collection of 2,300 varieties; one sheet of best hinge paper for mounting stamps; one packet of 100 stamps, cataloguing about \$1.50, and including: Shanghai, Jamaica (Jubilee, etc.), Bogota, a U.S. worth 25c, Argentine, Cuba 50c, unused, of 1875, '79, '80, Mexico, Serbia, and others; and our illustrated lists of stamp and premiums. This collection will give you a good start, and what duplicates you find can be exchanged with the boys for other stamps. This great collection free, as a premium, if you will send only 35c for a year's subscription to this paper. You never before heard of an offer equal to this one, made simply to add 10,000 or more names to our subscription list. Collection not sold without subscription.

REALM, Sta. A, Boston, Mass.

BOYS AND GIRLS

WANTED everywhere to act as agents for the Realm, 50 per cent. commission.



Send 8c for outfit and we will give you free besides, one package containing: 100 foreign stamps, Jamaica etc., 1 set 8 Japanese stamps, 1 pocket stamp album, 4 blank approval sheets, 1 sample best gum paper, 1 perforation gauge, 1 millimeter scale, 1 set 8 obsolete U.S. stamps and revs., and our bargain lists. Write at once before we withdraw this big offer.

A. BULLARD & COMPANY
446 Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS.

us.

Three years had certainly not smoothed the asperities of his temper or his impatience with a less active intelligence than his own.

"Of course it has moved," said he. "Am I such a farcical bungler, Watson, that I should erect an obvious dummy and expect that some of the sharpest men in Europe would be deceived by it? We have been in this room two hours, and Mrs. Hudson has made some change in that figure eight times, or once in every quarter of an hour. She works it from the front, so that her shadow may never be seen. Ah!" He drew in his breath with a shrill, excited intake. In the dim light I saw his head thrown forward, his whole attitude rigid with attention. Outside, the street was absolutely deserted. Those two men might still be crouching in the doorway, but I could no longer see them. All was still and dark save only that brilliant yellow screen in front of us with the black figure outlined upon its center. Again in the utter silence I heard that thin, sibilant note which spoke of intense suppressed excitement. An instant later he pulled me back into the blackest corner of the room, and I felt his warning hand upon my lips. The fingers which clutched me were quivering. Never had I known my friend more moved, and yet the dark street still stretched lonely and motionless before us.

But suddenly I was aware of that which his keener senses had already distinguished. A low, stealthy sound came to my ears not from the direction of Baker street, but from the back of the very house in which we lay concealed. A door opened and shut. An instant later steps crept down the passage—steps which were meant to be silent, but which reverberated harshly through the empty house. Holmes crouched back against the wall, and I did the same, my hand closing upon the handle of my revolver. Peering through the gloom, I saw the vague outline of a man, a shade blacker than the blackness of the open door. He stood for an instant, and then he crept forward, crouching, menacing, into the room. He was within three yards of us, this sinister figure, and I had braced myself to meet his spring before I realized that he had no idea of our presence. He passed close beside us, stole over to the window and very softly and noiselessly raised it for half a foot. As he sank to the level of this opening the light of the street, no longer dimmed by the dusty glass, fell full upon his face.

The man seemed to be beside himself with excitement. His two eyes shone like stars, and his features were working convulsively. He was an elderly man, with a thin, projecting nose, a high, bald forehead and a huge grizzled mustache. An opera hat was pushed to the back of his head, and an evening dress shirt front gleamed out through his open overcoat. His face was gaunt and swarthy, scored with deep, savage lines. In his hand he carried what appeared to be a stick, but as he laid it down upon the floor it gave a metallic clang. Then from the pocket of his overcoat he drew a bulky object, and he busied himself in some task which ended with a loud, sharp click, as if a spring or bolt had fallen into its place. Still kneeling upon the floor, he bent forward and threw all his weight and strength upon some lever, with the result that there came a long, whirling, grinding noise, ending once more in a powerful click. He straightened himself then, and I saw that what he held in his hand was a sort of a gun with a curiously misshapen butt. He opened it at the breech, put something in and snapped the breechblock. Then, crouching down, he rested the

end of the barrel upon the ledge of the open window, and I saw his long mustache droop over the stock and his eyes gleam as it peered along the sights. I heard a little sigh of satisfaction as he cuddled the butt into his shoulder and saw that amazing target, the black man on the yellow ground, standing clear at the end of his foresight. For an instant he was rigid and motionless. Then his finger tightened on the trigger. There was a strange, loud whiz and a long, silvery tinkle of broken glass. At that instant Holmes sprang like a tiger on to the marksman's back and hurled him flat upon his face. He was up again in a moment, and with convulsive strength he seized Holmes by the throat, but I struck him on the head with the butt of my revolver, and he dropped again upon the floor. I fell upon him, and as I held him my comrade blew a shrill call upon a whistle. There was the clatter of running feet upon the pavement, and two policemen in uniform, with one plain clothes detective, rushed through the front entrance and into the room.

"That you, Lestrade?" said Holmes.

"Yes, Mr. Holmes. I took the job myself. It's good to see you back in London, sir."

"I think you want a little unofficial help. Three undetected murders in one year won't do, Lestrade. But you handled the Molesey mystery with less than your usual—that's to say, you handled it fairly well."

We had all risen to our feet, our prisoner breathing hard, with a stalwart constable on each side of him. Already a few loiterers had begun to collect in the street. Holmes stepped up to the window, closed it and dropped the blinds. Lestrade had produced two candles, and the policemen had uncovered their lanterns. I was able at last to have a good look at our prisoner.

It was a tremendously virile and yet sinister face which was turned toward us. With the brow of a philosopher above and the jaw of a sensualist below, the man must have started with great capacities for good or for evil. But one could not look upon his cruel blue eyes, with their drooping, cynical lids, or upon the fierce, aggressive nose and the threatening, deep lined brow without reading nature's plainest danger signals. He took no heed of any of us, but his eyes were fixed upon Holmes' face with an expression in which hatred and amazement were equally blended. "You fiend," he kept on muttering—"you clever, clever fiend!"

"Ah, colonel," said Holmes, arranging his rumpled collar, "journeys end in lovers' meetings," as the old play says. I don't think I have had the pleasure of seeing you since you favored me with those attentions as I lay on the ledge above the Reichenbach fall."

The colonel still stared at my friend like a man in a trance. "You cunning, cunning fiend!" was all that he could say.

"I have not introduced you yet," said Holmes. "This, gentlemen, is Colonel Sebastian Moran, once of her majesty's Indian army and the best heavy game shot that our eastern empire has ever produced. I believe I am correct, colonel, in saying that your bag of tigers still remains unrivaled?"

The fierce old man said nothing, but still glared at my companion. With his savage eyes and bristling mustache he was wonderfully like a tiger himself.

"I wonder that my very simple stratagem could deceive so old a shikari," said Holmes. "It must be very familiar to you. Have you not tethered a young kid under a tree, lain above it with your rifle and waited for the bait to

bring up your tiger? This empty house is my tree, and you are my tiger. You have possibly had other guns in reserve in case there should be several tigers or in the unlikely supposition of your own aim failing you. These"—he pointed around—"are my other guns. The parallel is exact."

Colonel Moran sprang forward with a snarl of rage, but the constables dragged him back. The fury upon his face was terrible to look at.

"I confess that you had one small surprise for me," said Holmes. "I did not anticipate that you would yourself make use of this empty house and this convenient front window. I had imagined you as operating from the street, where my friend Lestrade and his merry men were awaiting you. With that exception all has gone as I expected."

Colonel Moran turned to the official detective.

"You may or may not have just cause for arresting me," said he, "but at least there can be no reason why I should submit to the gibes of this person. If I am in the hands of the law let things be done in a legal way."

"Well, that's reasonable enough," said Lestrade. "Nothing further you have to say, Mr. Holmes, before we go?"

Holmes had picked up the powerful air gun from the floor and was examining its mechanism.

"An admirable and unique weapon," he said, "noiseless and of tremendous power. I knew Von Herder, the blind German mechanic, who constructed it to the order of the late Professor Moriarty. For years I have been aware of its existence, though I have never before had the opportunity of handling it. I commend it very specially to your attention, Lestrade, and also the bullets which fit it."

"You can trust us to look after that, Mr. Holmes," said Lestrade as the whole party moved toward the door. "Anything further to say?"

"Only to ask what charge you intend to prefer?"

"What charge, sir? Why, of course the attempted murder of Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

"Not so, Lestrade. I do not propose to appear in the matter at all. To you and to you only belongs the credit of the remarkable arrest which you have effected. Yes, Lestrade, I congratulate you! With your usual happy mixture of cunning and audacity, you have got him."

"Got him! Got whom, Mr. Holmes?"

"The man that the whole force has been seeking in vain—Colonel Sebastian Moran, who shot the Hon. Ronald Adair with an expanding bullet from an air gun through the open window of the second floor front of 427 Park lane upon the 30th of last month. That's the charge, Lestrade. And now, Watson, if you can endure the draft from a broken window I think that half an hour in my study over a cigar may afford you some profitable amusement."

Our old chambers had been left unchanged through the supervision of Mycroft Holmes and the immediate care of Mrs. Hudson. As I entered I saw, it is true, an unwonted tidiness, but the old landmarks were all in their place. There was the chemical corner and the acid stained, deal topped table. There upon a shelf was the row of formidable scrapbooks and books of reference which many of our fellow citizens would have been so glad to burn. The diagrams, the violin case and the pipe rack—even the Persian slipper which contained the tobacco—all met my eyes as I glanced round me. There were two occupants of the room—one, Mrs. Hudson, who beamed upon us both as we entered; the other the strange dummy which had played so important a part in the evening's adventures. It was a wax colored model

of my friend so admirably done that it was a perfect facsimile. It stood on a small pedestal table with an old dressing gown of Holmes' so draped round it that the illusion from the street was absolutely perfect.

"I hope you preserved all precautions, Mrs. Hudson?" said Holmes.

"I went to it on my knees, sir, just as you told me."

"Excellent. You carried the thing out well. Did you observe where the bullet went?"

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid it has spoilt your beautiful bust, for it passed right through the head and flattened itself on the wall. I picked it up from the carpet. Here it is!"

Holmes held it out to me. "A soft revolver bullet, as you perceive, Watson. There's genius in that, for who would expect to find such a thing fired from an air gun. All right, Mrs. Hudson; I am much obliged for your assistance. And now, Watson, let me see you in your old seat once more, for there are several points which I should like to discuss with you."

He had thrown off the seedy frock coat, and now he was the Holmes of old in the mouse colored dressing gown which he took from his effigy.

"The old shikari's nerves have not lost their steadiness nor his eyes their keenness," said he, with a laugh, as he inspected the shattered forehead of his bust.

"Plumb in the middle of the back of the head and smack through the brain. He was the best shot in India, and I expect that there are few better in London. Have you heard the name?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, well, such is fame! But, then, if I remember right, you had not heard the name of Professor James Moriarty, who had one of the great brains of the century. Just give me down my index of biographies from the shelf."

He turned over the pages lazily, leaning back in his chair and blowing great clouds from his cigar.

"My collection of M's is a fine one," said he. "Moriarty himself is enough to make any letter illustrious, and here is Morgan, the poisoner, and Merridew of abominable memory, and Mathews, who knocked out my left canine in the waiting room at Charing Cross, and finally here is our friend of tonight."

He handed over the book, and I read: "Moran, Sebastian, colonel. Unemployed. Formerly First Bangalore Pioneers. Born London, 1840. Son of Sir Augustus Moran, C. B., once British minister to Persia. Educated Eton and Oxford. Served in Jowaki campaign, Afghan campaign, Charasiab (dispatches), Sherpur and Cabul. Author of 'Heavy Game of the Western Himalayas' (1881); 'Three Months in the Jungle' (1884). Address: Conduit street. Clubs: The Anglo-Indian, the Tankerville, the Bagatelle Card club."

On the margin was written in Holmes' precise hand, "The second most dangerous man in London."

"This is astonishing," said I as I handed back the volume. "The man's career is that of an honorable soldier."

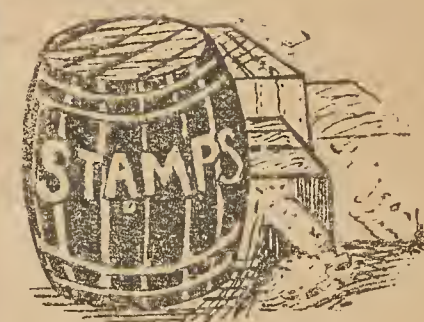
"It is true," Holmes answered. "Up to a certain point he did well. He was always a man of iron nerve, and the story is still told in India how he crawled down a drain after a wounded man-eating tiger. There are some trees, Watson, which grow to a certain height and then suddenly develop some unsightly eccentricity. You will see it often in humans. I have a theory that the individual represents in his development the whole procession of his ancestors, and that such a sudden turn to good or evil stands for some strong influence which came into the line of his pedigree. The person becomes, as it were, the epitome of the history of his own family."

Concluded on page 7

The STAMP REALM

A REGULAR MONTHLY SUPPLEMENT, CONTAINING THE
LATEST STAMP NEWS OF THE WORLD

STAMPS. 100 Honduras



etc., album & 1905 illustratd list, T W O cents. Agts 50 %.

agents. Illustrated list of thousands of bargains, free. Hill Stamp Co., S. End, Boston

A HOME-MADE U. S. STAMP ALBUM
WITHOUT MINOR VARIETIES
(To be Continued Monthly)

USE an unruled blank book of suitable size. Rule off the squares exactly as in the diagrams. They should be of the same size. The envelope section (see lower diagram) should be made in

the last half of the book. If one is a good letterer it is best to print or write the text, in a neat hand, with a jet-black ink, following the copy; but some may prefer to cut out the printed descriptions and carefully paste them into the album. When complete your album will hold about 200 general issue adhesives, some 40 due stamps, 100 departments and nearly 150 envelope and wrapper stamps—making as complete a U. S. album as the average collector could possibly fill.

STAMP NEWS.

In a certain school foreign stamps are used as a help to the study of geography. Educators are beginning to recognize, and make use of, the information stored up in the tiny bit of paper called a postage stamp.

Following the use of the precancelled stamp comes the "permit" which is simply a printed notice on the envelope to the effect that postage has been paid on the circular or package. Those who do not consider life too short are now collecting permits. But like the collection of precancells permits cannot interest many.

Canada now uses the precancelled stamp.

New designs have been made for a distinctive set of adhesive and envelope stamps and postal cards for the Philippines.

Contrary to general opinion, the first postage stamp was not used by England but France, according to a royal decree of Louis XIV. in 1653. The stamps after use were destroyed by fire and so far as we know there is not a single specimen extant of the stamps then in use.

The Sherlock Holmes story in this issue, though not philatelic, will appeal to every collector. More are to follow.

U. S. General Issues, Continued

				Same No embossing			
15c orange Webster	24c purple Scott	30c black Hamilton	90c carmine Perry	1870-73 1c blue	2c brown	3c green	6c pink
7c vermilion	10c brown	12c violet	15c orange	24c purple	30c black	90c carmine	1875, 2c vermilion
Same Soft paper							
1879, 1c blue	2c vermilion	3c green	5c blue	6c pink	10c brown	15c orange	30c black
1870-87; 1c blue on white, amber, cream, orange, blue, fawn or manila paper							
2c brown (Jackson) on white, amber, cream, orange or manila paper.							
2c vermilion (Jackson) on white, amber, cream, blue or manila.							

"It is surely rather fanciful."

"Well, I don't insist upon it. Whatever the cause, Colonel Moran began to go wrong. Without any open scandal he still made India too hot to hold him. He retired, came to London and again acquired an evil name. It was at this time that he was sought out by Professor Moriarty, to whom for a time he was chief of the staff. Moriarty supplied him liberally with money and used him only in one or two very high class jobs which no ordinary criminal could have undertaken. You may have some recollection of the death of Mrs. Stewart of Lauder in 1887. Not? Well, I am sure Moran was at the bottom of it, but nothing could be proved. So cleverly was the colonel concealed that even when the Moriarty gang was broken up we could not incriminate him. You remember at that date, when I called upon you in your rooms, how I put up the shutters for fear of air guns? No doubt you thought me fanciful. I knew exactly what I was doing, for I knew of the existence of this remarkable gun, and I knew also that one of the best shots in the world would be behind it. When we were in Switzerland he followed us with Moriarty, and it was undoubtedly he who gave me that evil five minutes on the Reichenbach ledge.

"You may think that I read the papers with some attention during my sojourn in France, on the lookout for any chance of laying him by the heels. So long as he was free in London my life would really not have been worth living. Night and day the shadow would have been over me and sooner or later his chance must have come. What could I do? I could not shoot him at sight or I should myself be in the dock. There was no use appealing to a magistrate. They cannot interfere on the strength of what would appear to them to be a wild suspicion. So I could do nothing. But I watched the criminal news, knowing that sooner or later I should get him. Then came the death of this Ronald Adair. My chance had come at last. Knowing what I did, was it not certain that Colonel Moran had done it? He had played cards with the lad; he had followed him home from the club; he had shot him through the open window. There was not a doubt of it. The bullets alone are enough to put his head in a noose.

"I came over at once. I was seen by the sentinel, who would, I knew, direct the colonel's attention to my presence. He could not fail to connect my sudden return with his crime and to be terribly alarmed. I was sure he would make an attempt to get me out of the way at once and would bring round his murderous weapon for that purpose. I left him an excellent mark in the window, and, having warned the police that they might be needed—by the way, Watson, you spotted their presence in that doorway with unerring accuracy—I took up what seemed to me to be a judicious post for observation, never dreaming that he would choose the same spot for his attack. Now, my dear Watson, does anything remain for me to explain?"

"Yes," said I. "You have not made it quite clear what was Colonel Moran's motive in murdering the Hon. Ronald Adair?"

"Ah, my dear Watson, there we come into those realms of conjecture where the most logical mind may be at fault. Each may form his own hypothesis upon the present evidence, and yours is as likely to be correct as mine."

"You have formed one, then?"

"I think that it is not difficult to explain the facts. It came out in evidence that Colonel Moran and young Adair had between them won a considerable amount of money. Now, Moran undoubtedly played foul. Of that I have long been aware. I believe that on the

day of the murder Adair had discovered that Moran was cheating. Very likely he had spoken to him privately and had threatened to expose him unless he voluntarily resigned his membership of the club and promised not to play cards again. It is unlikely that a youngster like Adair would at once make a hideous scandal by exposing a well known man so much older than himself. Probably he acted as I suggest. The exclusion from his clubs would mean ruin to Moran, who lived by his ill gotten card gains. He therefore murdered Adair, who at the time was endeavoring to work out how much money he should himself return, since he could not profit by his partner's foul play. He locked the door lest the ladies should surprise him and insist upon knowing what he was doing with these names and coins. Will it pass?"

"I have no doubt that you have hit upon the truth."

"It will be verified or disproved at the trial. Meanwhile, come what may, Colonel Moran will trouble us no more. The famous air gun of Von Herder will embellish the Scotland Yard museum, and once again Mr. Sherlock Holmes is free to devote his life to examining those interesting little problems which the complex life of London so plentifully presents."

Cloth Made of Wood.

In Germany, Spain and Holland, textile goods are made of wood, and it is probable that this industry will soon spread to France. The process consists in making the wood pulp pass directly through a metallic plate with a number of slits, resulting in the formation of thin ribbons which pass from the slitted plate directly to a machine which twists them, transforming them into very regular threads of any desired size. The wood fiber threads thus produced are classified by number like the other threads in use. Mixed with hemp threads they have been used to make towels. These mixed fabrics readily admit of washing, dyeing and printing. The wood pulp thread, which grows weak when wet, regains its resistance when dried.

Incombustible Celluloid.

The extreme combustibility of celluloid renders it dangerous and unfit for many purposes. To overcome this difficulty a French chemist dissolves it in ether and alcohol and adds to it an ether-alcohol solution of ferric perchloride. The result is a clear, sirupy liquid of yellow color. Left in the air in a suitable open vessel the volatile portion of the mixture soon evaporates, leaving a shell-like substance that is unflammable and incombustible, retains the pliancy and transparency of ordinary celluloid and serves all the purposes of that useful material.

Shoe Laces For the Fat.

A Cincinnati woman has perfected an invention which should prove a boon to the corpulent. This invention enables men or women to lace their shoes without stooping, and, although it was not invented primarily for fat men—there are no fat women—it will be utilized as much by them as by the aged and infirm, for whose comfort it was brought into the world. The invention is simple. One lace string is permanent in position, and pulling the top of it laces the shoe. Pulling the bottom string loosens the shoe.

Plowing With Electric Power.

Electrical plowing has proved a success in Italy. A 500 volt current is obtained from a trolley line. By the employment of this power from seven to fifteen acres of land is plowed in twelve hours, the exact area depending upon the condition of the soil.

MEKEEL'S STAMP COLLECTOR

A 16 page weekly stamp magazine, now in 19th volume. A journal that no stamp man can afford to be without.

10 WEEKS ON TRIAL, 10 cts.

After that, you will subscribe; over 10,000 other collectors have

C. H. Mekeel Stamp & Pub. Co.

St. Louis, Mo.

66²/₃% off, U. S. Postage, revenue, DEPTS., B. N. A., HAWAII, and General Foreign, Common, Good and Rare.

Money saved here on your want list. Send A1 refs. for approvals. No penny agts this sale. 50c net at least. Send now as this sale is positively limited.

W.C. WHITE, R Box 187, Lewiston, Me.

We are giving away

500 GAMES, TRICKS, PUZZLES, STORIES, RECIPE MANUAL ETC., ETC., FREE TO EACH PERSON.

Not one game or one trick to each person, but an assortment of the above making

500 for each person

and including—ILLUMINATED GAMES, such as Dominoes, Chess, Nine Men Morris, Fox and Geese, etc.; **Startling TRICKS of Sleight of Hand** for stage and parlor entertainment; **chapter of Conundrums**, the best you have ever seen; **PUZZLES**, with correct answers; **STORIES** for long evenings; **Recipe Manual** of trade secrets, telling how to make such articles as colored inks, glue, baking powder, bluing, paint, tooth powder, candy, etc. etc. One of these recipes originally sold for \$100.00. You have an opportunity to get rich making and selling the articles described here. Also some choice cooking recipes and **hundreds of other useful and entertaining devices**, including the magic age card; how to memorize dates and numbers by a wonderful discovery invaluable to teachers and scholars; deaf and dumb alphabet; some good experiments; etc., etc. Just think of it.

500 OF THE ABOVE FREE TO

500 EACH PERSON

who sends only ten cents for a 3-months' trial subscription to our great paper for young and old. All we ask is that if you like the paper show it to your friends or speak a good word for us by way of an advertisement. This offer is to introduce ourselves to 100,000 new subscribers. If the above supply of games etc. become exhausted before you write to us, we will return your money. But we advise you to write at once to secure the above. ADDRESS—**REALM, Station A, Boston, Mass.**

A BIG OFFER



A BIG OFFER

A Free Offer of 25 CENTS

Is equivalent to the following proposition which we make you to-day. If you will send us the name and address of any reliable newsdealer in your town or neighborhood we will allow you for your trouble 25c towards a 35c yearly subscription to the REALM. That is, if you will send us the name and one dime, or 10c in unused stamps, we will send you, without any premiums, this paper for a whole year. Such an offer as this is not likely to last long, and as soon as this advertisement is withdrawn the offer will remain good no longer. Present subscribers may extend their subscriptions by remitting at once. Non-subscribers should embrace this opportunity to secure the REALM, a whole year for only 10c, thus saving 25c by subscribing at once. Names of newsdealers in Boston and vicinity will not be accepted upon these terms. Send other names at once to **A. C. BULLARD & COMPANY, 446 Tremont St., BOSTON, MASS.**

STAMPS ON APPROVAL

Prices below Scott's catalogue & 1/2 commission allowed. Good collections of stamps and coins bought for cash. Any of the following sent prepaid for 25c.: 1500 for'n or 1500 U. S. Stamps; 6000 Faultless or 3000 Peel hinges; 500 U. S. Revs; 20 foreign coins; 10 Confederate or 10 broken bank bills; 10 old copper cents. Stamp & Coin Ex., 212 Broadway, N.Y.C.

LARGEST COLLECTOR'S PAPER.

Send 10 cents to the undersigned and you will receive for 3 months the oldest, largest and best collector's monthly for all kinds of Hobbies, Coins, Stamps, Curios, Relics, Natural History and American Historical Discoveries, Photography, etc., **Philatelic West and Camera News**, published at Superior, Nebr. Fifty cents entitles you to a year's subscription and a free 15 word exchange notice in the largest Exchange Department extant. This 100 page illustrated monthly was established in 1895 and is the largest Collector's Monthly in the world, and in size has no rival. More ads in the WEST than all other American philatelic monthlies combined. The best paying medium for advertisers, 1c a word. Rates small, results large. It will pay you to write us about it. Our motto: "The best and lots of it." Invest 10 cents judiciously by sending it for 3 months of "West" to

L. T. Brodstone
Publisher

SUPERIOR, NEBRASKA

Official organ 3 dozen societies and clubs, over 18,000 members. No matter what your hobby, the WEST keeps you posted. Send 5c for membership card Amer. Camera Club. Western Souvenir Post Cards 10c per dozen, finest of their kind.

CHINESE USED STAMPS

FOR SALE. 1898 issue, in good condition, 1c 20c pr 100; 1/2c & 2c 25c pr 100; 4c 7c pr 10; 5c 6c pr 10; 10c 10c pr 10; 20c 3c each; 30c 7c each; 50c 11c each; \$1 25c each. Set 1/2-10c, 3c pr set; 1/2 to 30c, 13 cents per set. Set from 1/2c to \$1.00, 49c a set. Special prices will be given to buyers in large quantity on application. CASH WITH ORDER. Postage extra. **HOMER H. WONG, 186 Kiangsi Road Shanghai, China.**

STAMPS FREE 20 U.S. REVENUES

Cat. value 27c for the names of two collectors and two cents postage. 40 Japan mounted on sheet, only 25c. 10 Cuban revs. 10c. 11 U.S. 1902 1 to 50c 10c. 5 St. Louis 1 to 10c 12c. 20 Russia 10c. Lists Free. We buy stamps. Buying list 10c. Ask for list of 1/2 and 1c stamps.

WHOLESALE

100 Cuban revs. 7c. 100 Cuban 5c 1891 10c. 100 Mexico 1r unused 35c. 100 Venezuela 5c gray 25c. 100 Corea 2r 1900 25c. 100 Corea 2r 1904 25c. 10 sets 10 Cuba Revs 35c. 100 sets 2.00 10 Guatemala 1886 asst. cat. 8c to 15c, 25c. 100, \$1.50. 50 blank sheets 10c 100, 19c. 10 blank approval books 15c. 100 90c. Write for wholesale list. Many bargains.

Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, O. U.S.A.

Approvals, 60-75% Discount

FREE, a set of Argentine if you send for my 60 to 75% discount approval books. First class reference required. I want to buy good collections and job lots of good stamps. What have you?

H. C. BUCHHOLZ, Sta. H, Cincinnati, O.

ALABAMA

Paper Money

Issued in 1862: set

- of four varieties, 5, 10, 25 & 50c, fine 10
- Rare old Morocco coin, 1280, large 12
- Same, smaller size, cast 6
- 4 va Soudan camel stamps 15
- 2 va Eastern Roumelia 10
- 5 va Luxemburg, head type 3
- 3 va Trinidad, 2c. 10 *Peru, cat 46, 12
- 6 Guatemala pictorial, unused 10
- 2 Corea, unused 2
- U. S. Army franks, unused, 3 var. 3
- 40c U. S. Revenue, blue 2
- 80c brown U. S. Rev. 10c. \$5. red 10
- \$3 " " 7c. \$1. red 2

FREE. A rare old bill issued during the war to every collector answering the above ad and sending names 2 collectors. Illust. bargain list free. Sheets 50-66% S. P. Hughes, Omaha, Neb. [Est. '84]

1 Dollar 1902	.25	3.00 Charter	.10
2 " 1902	1.25	3.00 Manifest	.12
2.00 Conveyance		3.50 Inland Exch.	.80
2.00 Mortgage		1.30 For Exchange	.40
2.00 Prob. of Will	.50	1.90 " "	.60
2.50 Inland Exch.	.8	.70 " "	.6
1.50 " "		60 Inland Exch.	8

AUG. P. NIEFT & SON, Toledo, Ohio.

BARGAINS TO CLOSE OUT

3.50 cat. val. good form. from 3 collect'ns .59
2.50 " " better " " .50
1.50 " " nice U. S. Postage .50
2.00 " " good Canada postage .50
1.00 U. S. Postage, 1895 fine cat. 50 only .18
2.00 " " " " 2.00 " 1.05
5.00 " " " " 2.50 " 1.25
2.00 " " " " 1.35 " 1.15
Wanted to buy 5c St. Louis, Omahas, 8c Pans
Will pay good prices. Others bought.
F. B. Kirby, 227 Arnold St., New Bedford, Mass

Wonderful BARGAINS
See the Hill Stamp Co. list of thousands of stps. So. End, Boston

SPECIAL GREAT BARGAINS

LOOK THIS LIST OVER CAREFULLY
We offer the following at these special prices in order to distribute our new large 40-page wholesale and retail catalogue. Not over one of each sold to one person. * Means unused. Postage 2c extra on all orders. All in good condition.

* 1/2 Canada Jubilee 12	5 dif Newfndland 5
* 6c " " 35	10 " " 10
50c " " 10	30 " " fine lot 1.00
\$2 " " 49	20 " New Zeal'd 12
\$5 " " 1.09	10 " India 2
10 dif Canada 1	15 " " 6
25 " " 10	10 " Straits..... 8
40 " " 60	15 " Japan..... 3
20 dif Australia.. 5	40 " "..... 25
50 " " 13	10 " Luxemburg 6
100 " " 80	10 " Persia..... 9
200 " fine lot 3.00	15 " "..... 15
10 dif Gold Coast 20	20 " "..... 22
20 " Spain..... 2	10 " Turkey.... 3
50 " "..... 9	50 " "..... 50
10 " Uruguay.... 7	50 " Brit. Col's.. 8
20 " "..... 25	100 dif "..... 45
50 " " fine lot 1.50	German 1900, 5M 90
100 " Foreign..... 3	1902, 5M 19
200 dif Foreign.. 10	20 dif Italy..... 2
500 " "..... 80	25 " "..... 3
1000 " "..... 3.00	15 dif Indian Stat's 15
2000 " bargain 10.50	25 dif Phil. Isls. 25

Mixtures well asst., fine value, many kinds, per 100, Peru 19c, Canada 5c, Guatemala 30c, Bolivia 35c, New Foundland 45c, Philippine 19c, Costa Rica 30c, Luxemburg 20c, Bulgaria 20c, Greece 15c.
Our Specialty, Brit N. Am. Send want list. Remit in unused stamps or M. O. Our cata is the largest wholesale list now published in America. Free. Prices right. Est. 1891. Largest stock in Can
MARKS STAMP CO., TORONTO, CAN.

FINE LOT OF POSTAL CARDS

Probably have more unused Foreign Postal Cards than any other dealer in the world. Nearly 500,000, more than two truck loads.

Prices are way down. Fine set of 20 varieties of Dominican Republic cards, including double cards, post paid for 50c. 10 var. Honduras cards 25c. 10 Nicaragua cards 25c. 10 San Salvador cards 25c. All prepaid.
Fine collection of 100 varieties foreign cards, all unused \$2.60. Send for lists wholesale or retail. The new catalogue out soon. Sent post paid for 58c and an entire sheet of 100 Cuban revenues free with order.

J. E. HANDSHAW,
Smithtown Branch N. Y.

SOUVENIR POST CARDS

VERY nearly everyone is starting a collection of SOUVENIR POST CARDS with views of places of interest, novelties, etc. American cities, monochrome, per twelve, 25 cents. Easter Cards, Novelties, Scenery, Sheep and Animal Studies, Japanese Life, Types and Warships, colored, per twelve 35c
Hand colored Novelties, Scenic and Fancy, per twelve 50c

Write for Lists. Agents wanted.

CENTRAL POST CARD CO.
Central Trust Building Cleveland, O.

35 STAMPS free to all who buy a packet.

50 variety packets, each 5c, per 10 30c
100 " " " 8c, " 10 55c
1000 hinges, 5c Pocket albums 5c
Herbert N. Myers 64 W. 95 St., N. Y. C

FREE. A set of Venezuela 1896 Map Stamps to all sending for my approval sheets and enclosing 10c which entitles you to 25c cat. value in stamps from my approvals. 1,000 faultless hinges, 6c. 12 var. late issues from 7 foreign countries, 5c. Set of Spain 1900-2, 6 var. 3c. Argentine Rep 1889-01, 6 va. cat. 24, 7c. 9 diff. unus. post card, 10c
George A. Bates, Westfield, Massachusetts.

FREE-150 Mixed Stamps.

for the names and addresses of 4 stamp collectors and 2c post. Write and learn how to get 1000 mixed, free and other prem. Also, 1000 hinges 6c. UNION STAMP CO. 99 Pleasant St. Holyoke, Mass.

A Pocket Album 5c

A better one with 256 pages, \$1.15. 1000 well-mixed foreign, 17c. We buy Can. Jubilee. Write for list. NEW Century Stamp Co., Smiths Falls, Ont.

200 Stamps All Different, 25 Cents

100 dif. 10c. 50% discount from our approval sheets. Have you our Stamp value book? 10c. Star Stamp Co. Windsor, Ct.

THE VERY BEST OFFER YET

PACKET ZC contains 25 envelope and wrapper stamps of Honduras, 1890-92 issues, unused, catalogued by Scott at \$1.37 and never before sold for less. THIS ENTIRE LOT ONLY 25 CENTS, postpaid. This is the greatest bargain of the year—one which has never been equalled by any other house in the history of the business. Messrs. A. Bullard & Co. bought the government supply, amounting to many hundred dollars, to control the sale and offer collectors the advantage of this great deal. The stamps are attractive gems of beauty.

THIS ENTIRE LOT, 25c

HILL STAMP COMPANY
Box B, S. End, Boston, Mass



Mention the Realm when answering advs

COOPERATION is the thing. I will send "THIS FOR THAT," the international medium of exchange, a whole year for 13c. Publisher's price, 25c. Other interesting offers will be included. You also get trials in name contest. John E. MORSE Worcester, Mass.

END 10 CENTS

and you will receive for 10 weeks a copy of the

STAMP LOVERS WEEKLY

a weekly newspaper keeping you abreast with collecting, giving you much information concerning stamps and many subjects of interest to the Stamp Collector
The Stamp Lovers Weekly
Bethlehem, Pa.

THE PLACE TO BUY... ARTISTIC

We have The Largest Assortment of LAMPS and FIXTURES in New England

Call and see them or send Catalogue

WE LIGHT THE WORLD

ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS and OIL FIXTURES

McKENNEY & WATERBURY, 181 FRANKLIN ST. BOSTON

PATENTS

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address

MUNN & CO.,
361 Broadway, New York.

PATENTS

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

FREE GIFTS

for girls, men and women who will sell The Little Giant Ink Powder to their friends at 5c per package. By simply mixing with water one package makes more than an ordinary ink bottle full of the best writing and copying ink (jet black) in the world. We trust you with 10 packages to start. When sold, send us the money, and we will forward you any premium for selling 50c worth or we will send, on receipt of the above amount, a 2nd lot of powders, if you wish to earn a more valuable premium, giving you credit for your first remittance. Or, if you prefer, we will pay you a cash commission of 40 per cent, in place of a premium. Return all ink you cannot sell in 14 days

For selling 2 to 16 packages, we give rare collections of postage stamps and many other things. For selling 8 pcks, a stamp album to hold 2000 stamps; for selling 12 pcks, 1000 asst. foreign stamps; for 20, Scott's Catalogue; for selling 10, big stamp and story paper one year. For selling various amounts we give typewriters, presses, rifles, cameras, telescopes, musical instruments, books, chemical wonder boxes, mineral collections, dynamos, watches, telephones, etc. Send for our complete, ILLUSTRATED PREMIUM LIST of hundreds of choice gifts, and 10 packages ink powder to sell. Address

THE FAY CHEMICAL COMPANY,
BOX 82, STA. A, BOSTON, MASS.
For our reliability we refer you to the Editor of this paper.

HILL STAMP CO. BARGAINS

PACKET X

Contains 30 United States stamps, all obsolete, including Columbus issue, envelopes, etc. Only 25c. All different.

PACKET W

Contains 25 different stamps from Central America only, including Honduras, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, etc. Price 35 cents.

PACKET V

Contains 50 different stamps from all parts of the world, including Philippine Islands, French Congo, Greece (Olympic Games), Heligoland, etc. Price only 25 cents.

APPROVAL SHEET MIXTURE.

500 well mixed stamps suitable for approval sheets, packets, etc., 99 cts., postage 3c. Stamps will sell for 1c, 2c, 3c, 4c, and 5c each.

THE HILL STAMP CO.
BOX B, SOUTH END, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

PACKET EE

Contains 125 varieties of good stamps for BEGINNERS, including those from Shanghai, Straits Settlements, Bulgaria, Cuba, Egypt, etc. All different. Price 28 cts.

PACKET NN

contains 50 rare Mexican revenue stamps, all different, including many issues from the earliest to the more recent. Worth several dollars. PRICE, \$1.00.

PACKET OO

contains a collection of 100 fine Mexican revenues which cannot be bought elsewhere for double our price. 100 all different; price \$3.00.

Dealers' Stocks.

DEALER'S STOCK NO 1 Contains a very good wholesale lot of stamps, packets, approval sheets, gum paper, albums, other publications, etc. A bunch of catalogues with blank for name, advertising the goods, is included. Price \$1.15, post free.

DEALER'S STOCK NO 3 Same as No. 1, but contains a larger number of publications, etc., and 2,000 stamps, a part of which sell for from 1c to 5c. This is a great bargain.

POST FREE, \$2.65.